

I hope to live to see the time when there will be no such thing as charity in the common sense of the world. I think old Paul was pretty near right when he said: "If a man won't work, neither shall he eat." That is scripture. What he meant was—well, I know the common, the modern slang expression for it is that which has reference to the activity required for members of the swine family or else inevitable end. But how shall a man work if he cannot find a job? I

(Continued on Page 4.)

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

FOUNDED 1884.

By CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.

and edited by him until his death.  
February 7, 1906.



JAMES E. HUGHES - Proprietor.  
126-128 North Limestone Street,  
Lexington, Kentucky.  
P. O. Box 292.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid \$1.00 pr. yr. in advance.  
Five year subscribers at one re-  
mittance \$5 cents each.  
Foreign subscribers, postpaid \$1.50  
per year.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, single column, 1 insertion,  
50 cents; one month, or four insertions,  
\$1.00; six months \$5.00; one year, \$8.00.  
Quarter column, 1 insertion, \$2.00; one  
month, \$4.00; six months, \$20.00; one  
year, \$30.00.  
Half column, whole column, or larger  
advertisements at special rates - "on ap-  
plication."

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will  
be discontinued at the expiration of the  
term for which the subscription has  
been paid up in advance. The address  
slip on the paper will show subscribers  
the date of expiration of subscription.  
Back numbers or numbers entitled will  
be sent, if asked for upon renewal in  
case of discontinuance.

SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his  
or her address, advise this office, giving  
both old and new address, as desired.  
THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade  
is at 126-128 North Limestone Street,  
Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Pres-  
tations will be given a hearty wel-  
come.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice  
at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-  
class mailing matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO  
JAMES E. HUGHES, Box 292, Lexing-  
ton, Kentucky.

The Blade urges upon its readers to  
contribute articles to its columns. The  
poet has said "Full many a man of pur-  
est ray serene the dark, unfathomed  
caves of ocean bare," and the same be  
trues of your mind. Especially do we re-  
quest articles from our younger readers.  
You may not be a Kipling, a Wilson, a  
Forster, a Lauder, or a Wainwright. Very  
few of us are. But you certainly can say  
something that will be of interest to your  
fellow-workers. These great men had  
their beginnings. Let us tell the readers  
of the Blade what you are doing and  
what you are thinking.

## THE HOLY ROLLERS.

I have a few remarks to make about  
a religious organization which has dis-  
turbed the police department of Ameri-  
can municipalities for several years.  
I refer to an organization that now  
has national scope—the Holy Rollers.

Four or five years ago in this maga-  
zine, I had some remarks to make about  
this sect, and I frankly stated that I be-  
lieved that the members thereof and the  
members of all such organizations of  
which there are many, were more pedic-  
ulous than pious.

Shortly thereafter a man with a ten-  
dency to board, walked into my office  
and asked to meet the editor.

There was meanness in his eyes and  
threat in his mien, and I requested one  
of the boys to inform him that the editor  
had gone for a long trip.

He was so interested in my getting to  
heaven that he wished to send me there  
unprepared.

Since then I have had little to say  
about these Holy Rollers, Jumpers and  
Gin-of-Tongues folk, and other of the  
kind, frenzied with self-born visions of  
eternity, and a consequent they have  
mistaken for holy emotions.

For the past year or more, however,  
the sects referred to have been as fre-  
quent contributors to the police annals  
of the country as plain drunks and day-  
light burglars.

It is not a matter of much consequence  
that policemen have something to do,  
nor that jails be occupied by the gin-  
soaked and the pilfering. It is, however,  
a matter of serious concern when one

of the most sacred of all human in-  
stances—that of religion—is prostituted  
by an ignorant demagogical bevy of men  
and women.

There have been but a few days for  
many months when the press of the na-  
tion has not printed the abhorrent,  
sloody or disgusting record of crime fol-  
lowing which this atrocious sect of Holy Rollers  
is responsible.

It is time that these detestable debauch-  
ers were stopped.

Religious freedom is a most necessary  
thing, but there is nothing in the Ameri-  
can constitutional expression, which  
guarantees liberty of thought and ac-  
tion with respect to religious belief, that  
can be fairly said to license the orgies  
which these Holy Rollers impudently con-  
duct. Contemplated as an assembly  
they are quite as objectionable as a red-  
light ball-masque, while as an ecclesiastical  
body they are about as worthy the  
name as the revel of a group of Apaches.

The Black Hand has nothing like the  
reced of horrible murder as has been  
contributed to our chronicles of crime  
by this persistent and devilish band.  
Parents driven insane through the mor-  
bific teachings of its leaders have killed  
their own children. Men have killed  
themselves, ravished and ruined  
emotional and ignorant girls, until it  
seems some law against wanton vice  
should be invoked for its suppression.

A few days ago in the State of Wash-  
ington, a leader of this disreputable  
band, aided by the contagious character  
of that mania, upon which it thrives,  
advised his followers to prepare them-  
selves for the end of the world.

Two credulous victims made prepara-  
tion, taking their children and stripping  
them of clothes, as they did also them-  
selves, they clambered to the roof  
of their home on a night of freezing  
weather.

They were found half frozen, but still  
with fortitude awaiting the arrival of a  
chariot of fire in which they expected to  
ascend unto the lap of Jacob.

One or two of the children died.  
Others forcibly took the nude par-  
ents from the roof of the house and had  
them been in possession of their mental  
faculties at the time of this outrage,  
they would go to a place where they  
would need no clothes, if the theory of  
the fire lake is true.

The trouble is that the real offender  
here is the man who preached the impos-  
sible doctrine of the sect to the intellec-  
tual beggars who listened to him. What  
ought to be done to him, is of course,  
impossible under the humane laws of the  
twentieth century. But sometimes when  
ministers of this type have shocked and  
dared citizens of whatever faith, with  
tragedies such as the above, one may  
be pardoned if he spill a tear of regret  
that the custom of burning certain type  
of offenders is obsolete.

We are apt enough at beating and  
dispensing bands of anarchists with  
false political doctrine. But we re-  
semble in our duty of shaming nuisances  
of this particular kind.

A man may have a right to believe  
about the unheavenly or the unknown  
whatever he desires. But he has no  
right to make men insane in the pro-  
mulgation of his belief.

Such organizations, therefore, are not  
fit subjects for religious tolerance. They  
are the legitimate prey of the police.  
From the Bystander, Los Angeles, Calif.

## WHY WE DON'T ACCEPT THE BIBLE AS INSPIRED TRUTH.

(By Joel M. Berry.)

First, we will say: In the Bible is not  
true without being called inspired, it  
is not true because it is. The word  
"inspired" is only added as a sham to  
deceive the people. Inspiration would  
not help the truth a particle. Truth is  
self-supporting, while a lie remains a  
lie though it should be called inspiration  
a thousand times. In other words, being  
called "inspired" would not change it  
into a truth. Again, Truth never does  
for an contradicted itself, while the offer-  
er of a lie contradicts itself the brighter  
it will shine. In other words, it could  
not possibly be true and false at the same  
time.

Now, in the Bible we find scores  
and scores of instances where one writer  
makes a statement that we would, in case  
we were a Bible reader and honest with  
ourselves, have to believe as an inspired  
truth; while another writer, in speaking  
of the same instance, will contradict  
him to a letter. Now, we ask, which  
statement are we in order to be honest  
with ourselves, going to believe? Both  
of course. It takes incredible, but we  
are not at liberty to decide upon the  
truth or falsity of God's inspired Word.

We must either accept or reject it all  
or else we prove traitors, not only to our-  
selves, but to the God we pretend to so  
dearly love.

So for our part, we concluded the best  
way to get out of the mix was to reject  
the whole business in toto—with Bible,  
inspired-God and all. In that case, we are  
acting honestly with both God and His  
inspired Word, and don't have to believe  
any inspired truth or lies either.

Now, in order to show up our sincerity  
in this matter, let me refer to a few in-  
stances in the Bible where its honesty of  
teaching is called into question. For  
instance, one writer says that God is a  
material being—that he has seen Him  
and walked and talked with Him face to  
face; while another equally responsible  
writer will say that God is a spirit and  
an immortal being, and that no man  
hath ever seen him at any time.

Now, in the face of such plain palpable  
inspired contradictions as these, what we  
ask, is the honest, truth-loving, unpre-  
judiced person going to do? Believe the  
word of them to be the God's truth? No, he  
cannot honestly do that, for in case he  
did, he would either be charging God  
with lying, or be lying himself. But he  
can honestly reject both of them as false-  
hoods, and save his own credit and that  
of God's also.

But what does the poor, ignorant, in-  
spired Bible believe have to do? He has,  
of course, to believe them both to be  
true. He can't do otherwise, for in case  
he did he would be charging his  
God with deception. He has to read one  
statement and believe that to be the  
inspired truth of God. He then will read  
another that will contradict it to the  
letter. He also believes that to be the  
inspired Word of God, and in case he  
should read such unresolvable, unresol-  
vable statements in any other book  
than the Bible, he would denounce them  
as lies and deceptions on the spot.

For our part, we don't have to charge  
any God with lies or deceptions, because  
we don't find his name signed as au-  
thor to a single statement or word in  
the book. And Thomas J. Farnsworth  
remarked that any book, manuscript or  
writing was not worth reading without  
the author's name signed to it. So we  
think about the Bible. No one knows  
who wrote it, and theologians and little  
critics are today disputing over the re-  
sulted authors of the book. And yet  
we are called upon or expected to be-  
lieve it as the inspired word of God, and  
true to the letter.

In our younger days we were taught to  
and did believe these things, but in soon  
as we became a man and began to read,  
think and reason for ourself, we put  
away childish things, and for the last  
fifty years have taken scientific truth  
instead of Bible contradictions for our  
guide and motto, and the longer we live  
the better we like it.

We have also in the meantime lived  
without the pale of any so-called Christ-  
ian church, done our own preaching and  
praying and allowed others to do the  
same; consequently we have had no  
fears of dead staring us in the face, no  
prospects of a future life, no hopes, and  
no heaven or endless bliss to disturb us  
in our pleasant dreams at night. We  
conclude, that in case there is a lov-  
ing Father in heaven as the Bible says,  
who looks after and cares for His chil-  
dren, that it is his business to look after  
him. He knows what and where I am,  
and in case I would not want to be, or  
where to find him. The Bible says to  
call upon our Father who art in Heaven.  
But there we are again. We don't know  
where heaven is, and we fear it would  
be so far away that He would not be  
able to hear us, so we conclude the best  
for us to do is to look after and care for  
ourselves.

Wait patiently for the time to come,  
and bring its own reward, and we will  
face the result and the future with a  
smile.

## A ROARING GOD.

"The Lord shall go forth as a mighty  
man." He shall cry, "ye roar." (Isaiah  
62:12.)

## A BARBER GOD.

"In the same day shall the Lord shave  
with a razor that is hired." (Isaiah 7:26.)

## A WILD BEAST GOD.

"He was unto me as a bear in wait,  
and as a lion in secret places." (Sam-  
s.10. See also Hosea 5, 6.)

## GOD DECEIVES HIS OWN PROPHECY.

"O Lord, thou has deceived me, and I  
was deceived." (Jer. 20, 7.)

## CHRIST RIDES ON TWO DONKEYS.

"And they brought the ass and the  
colt, and put on them their clothes, and  
they set him thereon." (Matt. 21:7.)

## VISIBLE NOISES.

"And all the people saw the thundering  
and the lightning, and the noise of the  
trumpet." (Exodus 20:18.)

## OMNIPOTENCE IS EASILY DEFEATED.

"And the Lord was with Judah; and  
he drove out the inhabitants of the  
mountains, but could not drive out the  
inhabitants of the valley, because they  
had chariots of iron." (Judges 1:19.)

## THE BREAKER AHEAD.

It was an hour after dusk, and  
Harold McCarthy and the fair, young  
O'Leary girl were speeding through  
the dark sky in Harold's new air-  
ship, the "Hedder." Suddenly a large  
white, round object loomed up before  
them. But, alas! Harold was not cog-  
nizant of this object's proximity, for  
he had eyes only for the beautiful  
creature beside him. Then there was a  
crashing of propeller wheels, a rip-  
ping of canvas and a shattering of  
frames. Too late Harold sprang to  
the helm. His face became ashen.  
"We have struck the moon!" he cried  
in a hoarse, strangled voice.  
The frightened girl shrieked and  
clung to her careless escort. "It's just  
what mamma feared," she  
moaned; "she warned me of the dan-  
ger of our being moonstruck!"

## Letters vs. Figures.

"What is the meanin' of them let-  
ters, MDCCCXCIX?" remarked Sul-  
livan, pointing to a line in a book indic-  
ating its year of publication.  
"Those letters are Roman numeral  
signs and they mean 1899," was the  
reply.  
Sullivan gazed at the letters  
thoughtfully, for a moment, then he  
said:  
"Well, phwat's the matter with the  
let? He is afraid that figures will  
lie?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## An Altruist.

"I beg your pardon," said the fac-  
tious diner to the waiter. "I hate to  
see any creature lonesome. It's con-  
trary to the laws of nature." "I don't  
understand you, sir," said  
the waiter, with a puzzled air.  
"I was referring to this oyster stew.  
Now, if you could prevail upon the chef  
to put in another oyster to keep the  
present bivalve company, it would be an  
act of kindness not only to the oys-  
ter, but to me, as well."

## Increases Business.

The Painless Dentist—I wish I could  
increase my business as easily as the  
chiroprapist increases his.

The Painless Dentist's Wife—What  
does he do, dear?  
The Painless Dentist—Why, he hires  
two men—one to get the patients and  
crowds, stepping on people's corns, and  
one other to follow after, giving each  
victim one of the chiroprapist's cir-  
culars.

## HAD FELT HIS FOOT.



The Girl—Papa is a pessimist.  
The Boy—Yes; I've noticed that he  
is somewhat of a kidder.

## The Old and the New.

There never was a bird that flew so high  
but he had to come down for food by  
and by;  
And man may soar in his flying ma-  
chine,  
But he must come down for gasoline.

## Odds Were Against It.

Her—I understand you have been ill  
for some weeks?  
Him—Yes, and my recovery was lit-  
tle short of a miracle.  
Her—Indeed!  
Him—Yes; I had three doctors.

## Too Common.

"Did you read about the man out  
west who is raising wingless chick-  
ens?"  
"Nope; but if you are interested in  
eggless chickens, I can show you a  
fine bunch."

## There A Need for Them.

"There ought to be a humorist or  
two in every legislature."  
"Why so?"  
"Then there might not be so many  
jokers in the bills."

## His Eligibility.

Bache—How came the people in  
your town to select Leauger for judge?  
He isn't even a lawyer.  
Stoppes—No; but he's the country's  
best baseball umpire.

## Front Row Candidate.

Giles—I used to part my hair in the  
middle, but never again!  
Miles—Why not?  
Giles—Because my hair has gone to  
parts unknown.

## Solved.

"Why did the chicken cross the  
street?"  
"I suppose the cold storage ware-  
house was on the other side."

## FOURNFUL BALLAD OF COOKS.

We were talking of servants this eve-  
ning—  
Recalling the number we've had—  
All my wife's reminiscences showing.  
This was one of that one was had.  
There was Jane, who was first; how dis-  
content.  
My wife's recollection and mine!  
She declares Jane was slow and de-  
ficient.  
I remember her coffee was fine.  
When we spoke of poor Jane's suc-  
cessor,  
Pat Dineen, from warm Dineen's land,  
I recalled, though wife mentioned the  
blowing.  
Her hot cakes and muffins were grand.  
So it went through our list of domes-  
tics.  
Mildred, Rose, Gretchen and Kate—  
All sunny-tongued Kate from Killarney.  
Her corned beef and cabbage were great.  
Oh, girls, who made joy of dyspepsia  
And gave me some pleasure in life.  
Why aren't you otherwise perfect  
And able to live with my wife?  
Why couldn't you keep up the standard,  
Dish soap, latrine, self.  
And not make her vow, to my sorrow,  
That all of the cooking herself?  
T. J. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

## A DIFFERENCE.



A Boycotter.  
A book of verses underneath a bough.  
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—Oh, how  
I'd chase myself across the desert floor  
If I could see a chance to bite a cow!

## Unreal.

"I dreamed last night," said Mrs.  
Nagget, "that I was in a store that  
was just full of the loveliest fur  
coats—"  
"But—" interrupted her husband,  
hastily, "that was only a dream, my  
dear—"  
"Yes, I knew it was before I woke  
up, because you thought me one!"—  
Catholic Standard and Times.

## The Way He Manages.

Dys—What did the doctor tell you to  
do?  
Peptide—Said I must cut down my  
food consumption at least 75 per cent.  
Dys—Didn't you find it difficult to  
follow his orders?  
Peptide—By no means; I simply don't  
tip the waiter.

## Different Now.

Stern Parent—When I was your age,  
young man, I was accumulating mon-  
ey of my own instead of begging it  
from my old father.  
Graceless Son—Well, I'll take your  
word for it, dad. It was easier to un-  
load gold bricks those days than it is  
now.

## Citing an Exception.

"They say," remarked the man who  
likes thoughts second-hand, "that  
like produces like."  
"Don't you believe all they say," re-  
joined the more or less practical per-  
son. "I once drank some water from  
a well and it made me sick."

## Indefinite.

The prospective passenger, after he  
had carefully inspected the airship, then  
went up to the captain. "What are  
your rates?" he asked.  
"Fifty cents, up," replied the cap-  
tain.

## WHY HE SMILED.



"I am a plain spoken man," said  
the applicant for a job.  
"I'm afraid you won't do," replied  
the railroad official. "We are adver-  
sizing for an experienced train an-  
nouncer."

## TEASING AN AUSTRALIAN.

The Rt. Hon. George H. Reid, the  
Australian statesman, was declaiming  
against a proposed measure at a pub-  
lic meeting. Mr. Reid is an enormous-  
ly fat man, weighing in the neigh-  
borhood of 300 pounds.  
"In 10 years," he said, "we shall see  
the fullness of this thing. In 10 years  
we shall know how victims it is. In  
10 years all men will understand what  
I am saying, and I shall be proved  
right."  
"How about 10 years?" asked a man  
in the audience.  
"Oh," snorted Reid, "never mind  
about 10 years. We shall all be dead  
in that time."  
"Then the fat will be in the fire,  
won't it, Mr. Reid?" shouted the same  
man—Saturday Evening Post.

## A Necessity There.

"Here's something I've always wanted  
to know," said Chitman, looking up  
from his paper. "Montreal, P. Q. What  
does that 'P. Q.' mean, do you  
know?"  
"Well," replied Mr. Subbubs of  
Swampscott, "I know what it means  
out our way. It's a by-word with us  
nearly every day."  
"What is it?"  
"Purchase," quipped. — Catholic  
Standard and Times.

## Accidents Will Happen.

"I say, waiter," queried the nervous  
Boston guest in an Arizona hotel,  
"what was that explosion at the other  
end of the dining-room? Somebody  
shot?"  
"No, sir," replied the waiter. "We  
don't allow shooting in the dining-  
room. The new cook accidentally let  
a cartridge from his revolver drop into  
the soup, and the gent who was just  
carried out happened to crush it be-  
tween his teeth."

## Of Course Not.

"He certainly talks silly!"  
"How so?"  
"He says if the world's longest riv-  
ers were placed end to end they would  
come within 500 miles of encircling  
each other."  
"And what is there silly about that?"  
"Why, you silly! It couldn't be  
done."

## SLIGHT BLEMISHES.



Gwendolyn—Do you think he is  
handsome?  
Yvonne—Yes, he's perfect, 'ceptin'  
dat he's boggled an' cross-eyed.

## Musca Domestica.

How doth the little, busy fly  
Improve with new-made terms!  
She carries on her little feet  
A million Latin germs.

## Didn't Meet Requirements.

"I am a plain spoken man," said  
the applicant for a job.  
"I'm afraid you won't do," replied  
the railroad official. "We are adver-  
sizing for an experienced train an-  
nouncer."

## A Cinch.

"You say you are calling on Miss  
Fennell this evening?"  
"Yes; she joined a secret society  
last night and I want to go around  
and give her a chance to tell me  
its secrets."

## The Average Man.

"Pa, what is an average man?"  
"An average man, my son, is a man  
who worries more about the money  
other people owe him than he does  
about the money he owes other  
people."

## Wear's Proposal.

Lady—My cooking always tastes so  
good to you, and it never suits my hus-  
band at all.  
Beggar—Well, you don't get a  
divorce and marry me—Megendorfer  
blatier.

## That Property Clause.

"The amendment gives a man a  
chance to live on a higher basis."  
"Oh, no; it gives him a chance to  
vote if he can prove that he lives on  
his wife."

## A Born Dilemat.

Mrs. Askit—is she a woman of  
tact?  
Mrs. Nott—She certainly is. Why,  
she once gave a dinner party without  
offending any of her neighbors.

## Natural Paradox.

"Miss Oldgirl's hair and her eyes  
ought to match, but they don't."  
"What don't match about them?"  
"The raven hue of the one and the  
crow's feet of the other."





